

Hardy-Cat

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Summary: (A fluffy little one-shot I wrote a year ago when I first got into Broadchurch.) It's been a long day at the office...but Olly knew how to cheer Ellie up.

Hardy-Cat

****A/N:** This is just a fluffy little one-shot I wrote last year when I first got into Broadchurch. It's unedited and hasn't been touched in a year, so please have mercy! ******

****No matter how you take it, I sincerely hope you enjoy it! ****

Two weeks into the investigation of the murder of Danny Latimer, Ellie Miller was once again tied to her desk late at night. When she had first taken this job, she had not expected this many late nights full of frustrating dead-ends and cold trails.

She gazed dully at the computer screen, which blared at her aching eyes without mercy. She was going over the interviews of every suspect and person of interest all over again, hearing their familiar pleas, their stuttering explanations...she didn't believe that any of them were capable of killing Danny.

With a sigh of frustration, she leaned back into her desk chair, running a weary hand down her face. Stress creased her features, and she could feel that the muscles in her forehead were tight. Her tired mind was making it very hard to concentrate on the interviews she had heard a thousand times. It was clear that she wasn't going to get anywhere with it tonight. So she needed to find a way to relax.

She looked across the empty office space - mostly everyone else had gone home now - and peered through D.I. Hardy's window. He was staring hard at his own computer screen, his glasses reflecting the bright images. She guessed he was probably looking over the local CCTV footage for the umpteenth time. For a moment, she truly

considered going to talk to him, but then she figured that she would just come out more frustrated than before. So she sighed again, sinking deeper into the adequate desk chair.

Ellie then remembered that it had been days since she had checked her email - she was normally very good about keeping up to date, but lately, well...other things had been on her mind. She took the opportunity now to lean back towards the computer and pull up her email account. Two-hundred unread emails...yikes.

She scrolled through quickly, barely glancing at each message before sorting them in their respective folders. Online bills...spam...some promotions

She stopped short when she spotted an email from her Nephew, Olly. She thought it strange that he would send her an email...normally, when he wanted to talk, or had something important to say, he texted. The subject read: Something to Brighten Your Day. He was a good boy, really...when he wasn't being a nosy journalist.

When she clicked on the message, and it pulled up on her screen, she was baffled. The message was filled with a dozen or so pictures of a grumpy-looking cat. Some sort of meme, probably from America. Each picture of the grumpy cat had a ridiculous, nonsensical, or even morbid caption regarding some real-life thing.

Each picture won a scoff or a chuckle from her, but when she scrolled down to the very bottom, her eyes widened. Olly had photoshopped two pictures together, mashing up the faces in a way that was still recognizable. It was D.I. Hardy, mashed up with the grumpy cat. The caption read: HardyCat.

Before she could stop herself, she was laughing, and laughing hard. Despite being mashed up with the face of a cat, it was completely accurate.

She found her mind drifting back to their recent investigation - searching Mark Latimer's boat. He had been completely uncomfortable on the boat, and when Ellie had asked him what was wrong, he had simply said, "Don't like being on the water."

How like a cat

Not to mention his picky appetite. His stubborn, irritable nature. And he was so furry! His stubble...his thick hair

And...oh my gosh...she had seen him make this exact grumpy face.

He really was HardyCat!

The thought refueled her euphoria, and she laughed so hard, it hurt. Her cheeks began to ache, and her stomach felt cramped. But she didn't care...it felt so good to laugh.

But she sobered up slightly, leaning forward to switch her monitor off, when she heard D.I. Hardy's office door click open. Within moments, he was standing beside her desk, towering over her and giving her an irritated look.

"You've finished looking over the interviews, then?" He asked,

quirking a brow to accent his request.

She looked up to give a hasty response, but when her eyes met his face, her tired mind didn't see Hardy. It saw HardyCat. And so she burst into laughter again, wrapping an arm over her stomach and wiping a tear from her face.

He was completely bewildered, his brows rising slightly in bafflement. The confusion on his face only made it more hilarious, and she was beginning to have a hard time finding room to breath.

"You...should go homeâ€|" he noted, his voice softened only by its hesitance.

He never thought he'd see the day when his D.S. would go insane.

End
file.